

THE LITTLE BROWN BOOK

A JOURNAL OF LIFE
AND LIVING ISSUES

August 1913

Be great in act as you have been in thought.
—Shakespeare.



EDITED BY
DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT

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The Little Brown Book

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DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT, EDITOR

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Weak Day Sermons

BY S. O. T. G.



HE trouble with the average man and woman is that they have never been properly weaned, never taught to stand alone and walk independently. We are a race of learners, hangers-on, trucklers, lick-spittles. We are dominated by that fatuous, self-created, mythical Frankenstein, Public Opinion. From morning till night, and all night long in our dreams we are obsessed by the nightmare, What-will-they-say-or-think-of-me?

We fret and fume and work our fingers to the bone for frocks and frills, for hats and shoes, for houses and furniture, for horses and automobiles—for tin horns and things, just to keep up appearances and win the approval of the little public on

which we lean, and from whose dry breasts we think to draw satisfaction.

Conformity is the curse of the world. It may be all right and sufficient for apes, but it will never advance the ideal of the human race. "Whoever would be a man must be a non-conformist," said the great Emerson.

Now I am going briefly to give you a method for curing yourself of this mania of conformity, and relieving yourself of the terrors of opinion.

The world, you will find, is a most plastic, amenable old Easy-Mark if you will only look it squarely in the eye and declare your intentions unflinchingly. It always winks and blinks and takes you at your own estimate of yourself; and if, instead of standing before it whining and trembling like a whipped puppy, you'll just bark up loud and lustily and show your teeth a bit you have it already outside the gate and on the run down across the pasture.

Make up your mind to scare off this hobgoblin; to lick the world—which you can do easily without fisticuffs, by simply standing on your dignity and your rights and asserting yourself.

See how the women are demonstrating this principle. For six thousand or maybe six million

years they have been scared to death by this bifurcated Image of God that put up such a bluff of authority over them. Suddenly somebody conceived the notion of turning the tables, and lo! see how it has worked. Soon the men will be pleading for those things they formerly blusteringly demanded.

Style? What the Devil do you care for style? Who makes the styles? Some cunning individuals who know humanity to be a perfect pack of monkeys at whom *anything* may be thrown and they'll throw it back, or at whom any absurd gesture may be made and they will proceed to imitate it.

Opinion? What in the name of all that is good and great do you care for the opinion of monkeys?

There is but one class of people of whom you should stand in awe and of whom you should desire the good opinion, and you can get the notice of this class only by being one of them; by growing into their consciousness of Life, into their stature of Being. These are the creators.

Charles Ferguson, in that most admirable book of his, "The Affirmative Intellect," says: "The history of the world is a struggle—on the whole a successful struggle—of the creative intellect against the terror and the discouragement of the external law."

The creative intellect—this is the one thing which masters the world. The mass of intellect is negative, passive, dominated, servile—simply a babe unwaddled.

I don't want, then, to hear you whine or whimper, nor slander and blaspheme at conditions. Conditions are not hindering or hampering you except as you allow them to do so.

If you are staying with a man or a woman—in a business or in a society—that you dislike or detest, you are simply denying and perjuring your soul; just as when you have run a thorn into your flesh, and the soul says to you in no unmistakable terms, "*Pull it out!*"

That's all you have to do. Pull it out and stand up and say in the face of all the world, "Bless God, I did it!" Tie a knot in your backbone, throw away your crutch, stand! Do not shout out your intentions and beliefs—no use in flaunting the red rag in the face of a wild bull; go about your business quietly, determinedly, but Do Things—join the ranks of that silent Brotherhood of Power, the creators, the doers of things.

Instead of always hunting for precedents on which to base belief, recognize no authority whatever beyond your own soul. The lie of today was a truth yesterday. Get out of the rut. Peer not

into the Past, but broaden your vision till it touches the confines of the Future. Mr. Wells has written a great book, in which he shows how, with the full development of the sixth sense, man will be able perfectly to prognosticate the future. Very good! I believe this to be true.

Let the dead past bury its dead and come thou and follow me. Progress!

Moses is a scattered handful of dust—not even so much as a mummy any more; Jesus has long since vanished into space: why do we delight to trot out these spectres? It is because we are, as I say, babes, unweaned, amused at Mother Goose rhymes, and expecting dinner to be ready at any moment by maternal complaisance and consent.

Oh, we *must* be born again, and the first indication of parturition will be from signs of an awakening, affirmative intellect, which for the first time in the history of our life's progress betokens a recognition of the *needs* of the Soul—the Soul that has been pleading in its prison house for lo! these many aeons.

We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents.

—EMERSON.

I know that I am deathless.—WHITMAN.

Studies in Life==Lesson IV



FROM the time that man arrives at the age of independent thought and activity to the moment when the life goes out, he appears to be at constant warfare with his vital forces, devoting his time and effort to nothing so much as their rapid dissipation.

That which holds the thought and attention of man in general is not life, not the realization of its full and complete expression, but rather, it is sensation, which may be said to be the lure leading to all human action. Sensations of physical pleasure, sensations of mental pleasure—the pursuit of these in various ways constitutes man's chief interest in life. For life *per se* he cares little or nothing except as a means to further enjoyment. Thus, in the illusions of sense, man loses his way and misses the path which leads to *real* life, to continued conscious existence.

Nor do people in general think much about death. Life for them is often little better than a living death, so that death, as an event, instead of having any terrors, is welcome. And, in any case, the dreaded incident is apparently so remote and so inevitable that it is taken as a matter of course, like any other event in life. Then, too, religion has implanted in the mind the hope of a blissful

hereafter, and pictured this present life as such a "vale of tears and trouble," and man as such a contemptible worm of the dust, "born in shame and shapen in iniquity," that one comes, especially in old age and decrepitude, to look upon the day of death as a sort of red-letter day, somewhat as the criminal might upon his pardon or parole—a day when at last he is permitted to escape unhappy conditions, to burst his ignoble earthly chrysalis, and spread his wings for paradise, for a life of freedom and happiness!

I will not go into a discussion of the moral and mental effects of this celestial fairy-tale upon the life and action of the individual, only to say, that as soon as man learns to realize the fact that earth is his proper sphere and rightful dwelling place, and that he must remain until he becomes master of all things terrestrial, the sooner he will awake and turn his attention to the solution of the great problem of life, which is to maintain conscious existence on this planet at will.

Death, though it appears to many to be a most terrible thing, a veritable tragedy of life, is undoubtedly a most necessary event in the great out-working of life's immortal principle—necessary *until* man learns how to live so as to avoid it; for death, in its present form of expression, is to be regarded simply as the legitimate penalty for trans-

gression; for ignoring the fundamental law of life. In plain words, a person dies physically because he is mentally unfit or incapacitated to live. This requires some explanation.

The divine and immortal Archeus, representing the soul of man—that which built the temple of the body—tears it down deliberately, because the temple is made unserviceable and unfit for the needs of the expanding soul. What, then, becomes of this soul after the death of the body? I do not know. No one knows positively what the destiny or experience of the soul is in death, and I do not think any one can ever know perfectly until he has first mastered the meaning of the soul in life.

We have here before us a most tremendous problem. Schooled and accustomed as we are to ignore life and its issues, relating it, if we think of it at all, to our everyday sensations, we remain virtually asleep to its realities, having never awakened to the meaning of immortality or deathlessness. Hence the almost universal apathy existing in the masses generally concerning it. People have so long been accustomed to being born, to live a short time—a life filled with accident and suffering—to die prematurely or exceptionally at that ripe, patriarchal age of “three-score-years-and-ten,” as prescribed in the Good Book, that they really as yet have no conception whatever that there ever

could or might be any better regime. One would, at first thought, imagine that a doctrine teaching the possibility of longevity, or immortality in the flesh, and the condition upon which such attainment must be based, viz., freedom from all disease—one would imagine, I say, that such a doctrine would be hailed with universal joy, and that the masses would come surging forward with outstretched arms to receive the blessings of its dispensation. But, as a matter of fact and experience, nothing of the kind happens, nor is it likely to happen.

And simply because selfishness rules the world, and the business of self is more with death than with life. First, there are the undertakers and the grave-diggers. If physical immortality were a demonstrated fact, they would be out of a job. Then, there are the doctors. If all disease were banished, they would have no occupation. Then, again, there are the preachers. If life on earth were shown to be endless, and the entrance into this earthly paradise a matter of intelligent effort, their present avocation would be gone. Nor are these all by any means. All the prisons, the almshouses, institutions for the aged, all courts of justice (and injustice), with their retinue of lawyers and judges, would cease; and just think once of the vast number that would thus be let out of employment. Politics with its horde of myrmidons

would be no more, and, if people had learned the Divine Art of living in peace on this earth, what would become of war, and of standing armies and navies? Human butchery is incompatible with immortality in the physical body.

And the public press that now lives and thrives largely on its headlines of sensation, vice and crime—what would become of such a press in a society where there was no recognition of crime, and no respect for wickedness? And take the masses, enslaved by toil, struggling against mighty odds with want, famine and penury, living sacrifices to a system selfish as hell itself—can one imagine such a state of affairs in a world where every man has become a master, a creator in his own individual sphere; an immortally conscious being, in truth?

Thus we see that the whole business of the world, nearly, is bound up with death, either directly or indirectly; that humanity has virtually entered into a sealed compact with death itself, paying the price in its own life-blood. And the Devil of selfishness that holds this compact with humanity will resent any innovation on the established system. "Great is Diana, the God of the Ephesians!"

For this reason, you will hear the pulpit and the press unitedly crying out in a loud voice against such heresies. They will anathematize and ridicule it, and will do everything in their power to suppress

it. And if Jesus the Christ came on the wings of morning to announce it, they would hasten to crucify him, as of old.

I say this to show that Immortality on Earth, though it be the grandest conception of the human mind, and the greatest revelation of God to man, will probably never be a popular thought. However, it is a thought that has seized upon the higher consciousness of the race, and many minds are opening to it. The fact of its recognition is a proof that it is attainable.

Insensibly the consciousness of the church is being awakened to this truth, and the old myths are receiving a new interpretation. Just recently at the meeting of the International Bible Students' Association held at Hot Spring, Ark., a resolution was introduced asking ministers and gospel teachers to discard the words "hell" and "hell fire," and cease teaching the literal existence of these places, also asking that the Hebrew and Greek words, Sheol and Hades, be interpreted to mean "the grave."

This is a great step ahead, though the Bible Students hardly realize, I think, where their logic is leading. It brings hell and hell fire very close home, and forces recognition of the fact that everybody is doomed to go to hell—the grave—and that the only way to escape and defeat the tomb is TO

LIVE. It has now become a plain proposition. If there is no evidence of hell on the other side, perhaps heaven also may prove to be a myth of the imagination, which many have long suspected.

What we really mean by the term "immortality" is persistence of the phenomena of perfect polarization as exhibited in the movements of the earth and other heavenly bodies about the sun. This is our "heavenly model," showing what we, as individualized, spiritual bodies, the Children of Earth, may attain through a mastery of the perfect law.

If you wish to send a wireless communication, two stations must be erected on two elevated places, the one to send, the other to receive, the message—to bring it into definite or conscious manifestation. Now, we have in the world two such mighty stations, that have been erected by the Universal Soular Energy, and brought to perfection through aeons of time in the form of two wonderful instruments, set upon two individual mountains apart from each other. The name of one is MAN, the name of the other is WOMAN.

It is the business of the operators of these stations to keep their respective batteries reinforced, revitalized, and in perfect working order. Nature does this for them, in fact, through the consumption of food and air. The sin of the world, the mon-

strous error, the cause of all disease, dissolution, decay and death, lies in the dissipation of this precious vital energy—a dissipation exactly as foolish as if an operator should divert his current into, say, a device for tickling the feet, assuming this to be his abnormal diversion, thus depriving many of the important messages which the current was designed to carry.

The sin of sensuality is the unpardonable sin, the sin that leads to the death of the soul. The sin is so universal, so little regarded, so deified, so masked, so licensed, that to oppose it, or even call attention to it, is much like casting a pebble into the inrolling breakers of the sea.

This sin does not consist merely in side-stepping the conventional Seventh Commandment; it consists in violating the fundamental law of sex. Humanity has for ages recognized this law intuitively, in theory, but violated it constantly in practice. The adulterer was formerly stoned to death, and even today every "respectable" member of society will hasten to stoop to pick up a rock to hurl at any detected Magdalen, never stopping to consider that his own guilt forfeits his right to condemn another.

No act of congress or parliament, no statute of man, no conventional regulation or code, no church ceremonial or license, can legalize or rectify a crime

against nature, a violation of natural law, any more than it could change the deadly effect of a misdirected or uncontrolled electric current.

We have to remember that we are just what Christ called us, "a generation of vipers," with the snake, our early ancestral vertebrate, behind us, and our nearer relatives, the tiger, the wolf, the hog, the rabbit and the monkey not nearly so distant.

Man retains much of the bestial character of his long line of ancestry, and for this reason he argues that because he has the feelings of a beast it must be "necessary" for him to act like one—which he often does.

In the initiatory rites of the Ancient Order of the Golden Jug, this question was demanded of the neophyte:

"What came you here to do?"

The answer was: "TO LEARN TO SUBDUE MY PASSIONS and improve myself in the Art of Creating more beautiful Jugs." Thus thousands of years ago the ancient Egyptians, mentally at least, are seen to have held the Key of Life.

The color of passion is dark red. It must by some process be raised and transmuted successively

into orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet—the VIOLET RAY, that which is sensed as LOVE on the highest human plane, and which opens the door to the consciousness of diviner things. Only men and women of a high mental and moral type are able to learn this law and effect such transmutation.

Still I am heir and soil of your love, flourishing in memory of you with many-coloured, wild-growing virtues, O ye dearest!

Thus spake ZARATHUSTRA.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

The Little Brown Road

Full well I know the brown road
That runs to Arcady,
Full well I know the brown road,
That sets the vagrant free—
I know its vast attendant hills,
Its blue attendant sea.

I know the lovely meadows,
It winds its length upon;
I know the breathless hill-ways,
By which it storms the dawn!
Full well I know the little road
Where all the Free ha' gone.

It runs beside my doorstep,
This little road o' brown;
It pauses at my doorstep
A-coming up from Town—

And oh, the things it hints at, ere
It flees across the down!

A blue Italian morning . . .
A lazy Spanish sea . . .
A span of gypsy heaven . . .
A moon of Thessaly—
Of these the little road hath wrought
The distant Arcady,

And never prince or beggar
But brings his tribute on,
By meadow and by hillway,
Across the bar of dawn,
To that uncharted country where
The little road ha' gone.

In wondrous, wistful caravans
They fetch their hearts' desire,
And prince ha' donned the beggar's garb
And slave the king's attire—
So pass beyond my doorstep in
The glowing of my fire.

And I upon my threshold
Have watched them winding slow,
Across the mist-dimmed meadow,
Along the upland snow—
Until it seems my stifled heart
Must either break, or go,

Full well I know the brown road,
That runs by hill and sea;
Full well I know the brown road,
That sets the vagrants free—
And oh, to join the caravans
That wind to Arcady!

—SELECTED.

"One Man's Meat, Another's Poison."



O greater sophistry was ever uttered or believed in by a race of whimsy dyspeptics than that each person requires a specially different diet.

Normal human beings are constructed as to their vital organs exactly the same. In forty thousand restaurants you will find almost identically the same Bill of Fare, and while there is a reasonable variety on the printed menus, if you will watch a row of men at a lunch counter you will see them ordering day after day practically the same dishes. In the army and prisons, the variety of edibles is reduced to the very minimum and the same rations appear day after day.

When a boy I boarded one year at a farmhouse where the regular bill of fare was beans, corn-bread, potatoes and salt pork. There were at the same table a man and a woman in the prime of life, a little child, an old man and a buxom German servant girl. All appeared in the best of health.

I had come from the city, where I had pampered my appetite with everything possible, until I was pale and weak. Put on this common, monotonous country fare, I at first thought I should starve and die, but I soon got accustomed to it, and became hearty and healthy like the rest of the family.

By that experience and many others I have

learned that variety in food, though it may be the spice of the gourmand's life, is nevertheless the first and chief cause of his subsequent inevitable physical breakdown.

If people were educated to understand food-values, it would be possible to feed one thousand, day after day precisely the same, and with far better results than by the haphazard style of eating at present indulged in.

The fact is, the race is fast deteriorating through over-eating, which may be considered a greater vice even than smoking or drinking, because more universal, and more generally disregarded—and a great measure of this is due to the craze for variety.

A fashionable meal must consist of six or more courses, beginning with cocktails and oysters and ending with fromage and demi-tasse. Anything short of four courses is not to be thought of by the cheapest table d'hôte; and to see the stuff people mow away in the country is something frightful to contemplate from a true dietetic standpoint.

It is an established fact that we nearly all eat entirely too much and vastly more than is essential or good for us. Everybody complains of the high cost of living, when it is simply in most cases the cost of high living that is the matter with us.

Numberless people have proved that one can subsist and keep healthy on a diet costing but a few cents a day. A person can live for weeks or months on just milk alone, and often with great benefit; or he can live for days without any food whatever, and a long fast is sometimes very beneficial.

One man's food is another man's poison, because the other has somehow impaired his digestive apparatus. It is astonishing, the things that are eaten with seeming impunity. Boston awhile ago was stirred by an exposure concerning its rotten-egg market, but probably no one has been harmed, especially before they knew about it. The Chinese epicures esteem goose-eggs as very choice when they are one hundred years old. Hardly a beefsteak comes to the table nowadays that has not been first "ripened." Only the strict vegetarian and fruitarian can be sure of a wholesome diet, and he is not sure either unless he raises his own produce and prepares his own food.

In Ireland, the people in some districts live almost exclusively on potatoes. In another place they live on cabbage. In Hungary, where there is the largest proportion of centenarians, and older, of any place on the globe, the peasants all live on simple black bread and sour milk. In Japan and China, as well known, whole provinces live on rice.

The feats of endurance of these Orientals have been too often demonstrated to be doubted.

No, a great variety of food means pampered appetites, ill health and weak constitutions. A small, judicious selection of viands, interchanged at regular intervals, is quite sufficient to maintain life in perfect health and strength. The first move for longevity must be simplifying and regulating the diet.

Origin of the Golden Jug.

TRANSLATED BY AMEN RA



NCE upon a time there was a great King, who ruled over a great Province. But he was most unhappy and miserable. Although the lands of his domain were fertile beyond description, bringing forth spontaneously all manner of Fruits, Grains and Nuts, yet the People of the Realm were impoverished and starving, because they were constantly torn with Strife and Dissension, giving little or no Thought to the Cultivation of Crops. Although the Mountains were filled with Precious Jewels, and the Streams ran thick with Golden Sands, yet Poverty was universal, the Treasury of the King was empty, and the People were taxed almost beyond Endurance, to keep up the National Expenses and Credit. Finally, to cap the Climax of the King's Woes, a Great Pestilence broke out in the Land, and was

sweeping down the Inhabitants by thousands. It invaded the Palace, and claimed as its Victims many of the Royal Retinue, and finally attacked the Queen and the Crown Prince. When this happened, the King was in Despair, and called to him all the Doctors and Soothsayers of the Land, and each one tried his Medicaments and Enchantments. Failing, all were, at command of the King, beheaded.

Then he called in the Wisest of his Judges and Privy Counsellors, and besought them to devise some Way to quell the Riots and Strikes which were becoming more and more Frequent, until the Whole Country appeared to be a seething Hot Bed of Anarchy and Revolt. Their only Suggestion was to repeat what they had been advising for Years, which was to Enlarge the Army by Conscription, Build more and larger Prisons, make Laws more Stringent and Penalties more Severe, until the People were overawed and quelled into submission. The answer of the King to their Stale Proposition was to order the Whole Bunch put to the Sword.

Things grew from Bad to Worse. The Queen died, and each Hour brought news of some fresh Disaster throughout the Realm. Then at last the King called in the Priests from all the Temples, and bade each to bring a Small Copy of the partic-

ular God over whose Altar and Shrine he officiated. These he ordered set up in a Row, and commanded each Priest severally to offer up the Best Petition he knew to His God that these Calamities cease. As each Prayer was finished, a messenger came with report of some new Calamity. Finally, when all Prayers were In, and there was no Indication of Trouble Ceasing, the King in a Great Rage ordered the Entire Heirarchy to be taken into an Inner Chamber and chloroformed. Upon which News was brought that his Son was lying at the Point of Death.

The King had seized a Dagger and was about to plunge it into his Own Breast, when the figure of a most miserable Beggar appeared, carrying in his Hand a Small Jug of peculiar Design. The Guards were about to seize him, but he waved them off imperiously, and, approaching the Throne, prostrated himself.

"O, King! Live Forever," he exclaimed. "I come to thee in thy Dire Distress, sent by Allah to bring Thee Surcease of Thy Woes. Take me to Thy Son!"

Something in the Tone and Manner of the Speaker, despite his Uncouth Exterior, commanded respect, and the King bade him rise, and, without a word, personally conducted him to the Bedside of the Prince, who lay gasping for Breath in great

Agony. The Old Man raised his Hands and made a singular Sign over the prostrate Form of the young Prince. Then, thrusting his finger into the Mouth of the Jug, he drew it quickly forth and there clung to it a single Golden Drop. Stooping, he placed this on the Lips of the Sufferer, over whose Face almost instantly there spread a look of Relief, while his Breathing grew natural. He soon opened his Eyes, then raising his Hands aloft, he repeated the same Sign that the Old Man had previously made over him, exclaiming the while with a loud, glad voice,

“Allah! Allah! Praised be Allah!”

The King was so overjoyed at this spectacle that he was about to embrace the Beggar, and shower Words and Gifts of Gratitude upon him, but the latter made a Gesture for the King and all present to Kneel and close their Eyes in Praise to Allah, which they accordingly did. As they finished Praying and opened their Eyes, the Old Man had vanished, but there, suspended in Mid-air, as if sustained by Invisible Hands, was the Jug, which had now become quite Luminous, giving forth a subtle Golden Light.

The Recovery of the Prince was rapid. All who came to view the Wonder of the Hanging Jug recovered perfect Health. Disease was soon banished and Peace and Harmony restored throughout

the Realm. The old King lived many Years, and each succeeding Prince lived longer than his Father, until finally one Solomon Ben About reached the age of One Thousand Years, and only went to Sleep that he might take a Journey to the Moon. The World had now reached the Zenith of the Golden Age. All the Metals in the Earth had changed to Gold; the streets were Paved with it, Houses were Built of it. Ages had passed since Gold was used for Money. In potable Form it was universally used as an Elixir of Life, and was the only Medicine. It had been inspirationally discovered by the Prince who had first been miraculously Healed by the Beggar's Magic, that all Pure Water brought within the field of the Golden Jug and left standing for Three Days, partook of its Virtue, without in the least causing any diminution of its Golden Radiance and Potency. In this way each subject came, and was admitted to the Sanctum Sanctorum of the King's Chamber where the Relic hung, with a Jug of Purest Water gathered from the dew of leaves, remaining for Three Days there in Prayer and Fasting. If then he possessed the Quintessence of Virtues — Goodness, Benevolence, Tolerance, Charity, Truthfulness and Worthiness — it was shown by his Jug becoming the exact Replica of the Magic Jug, and the Pilgrim went his way rejoicing. In this way there was established throughout the World the ORDER OF THE GOLDEN JUG, by virtue of which a New and Superior race of Beings came to inhabit the Earth.

Hippo=Prognostics



CORRESPONDENT in Kansas has sent me a clipping on "The Law In Regard to Stallions," published by the Kansas Live Stock Registry Board, and asks pertinently, "What of the law regarding the sires of men and women, eh?"

I am sorry to say that as yet there is none, at least none that looks to the improvement of the race through scientific breeding, as the stallion registry law does to the improvement in horses.

The stallion must be licensed, and all advertisements thereof must contain correct descriptions. He must be examined for physical soundness and be pedigreed. Copies of this must be posted in public places. If the stallion is anything but a thoroughbred, the fact must be announced in **BLACK LETTERS NOT LESS THAN ONE INCH HIGH**, stating him to be a grade or cross-bred!

How would it work to apply this law to "thorough-breds" of the human variety, as well as to those of lower grade? When Bishop Sumner of Chicago awhile ago announced that he would solemnize no marriages after a certain date unless the applicants could produce a certificate of physical soundness, something dropped. It was a bomb

with a short-time fuse, and caused a general explosion. The press chewed it over, and the clergy bristled in opposition.

And no wonder. Of course, any such suggestion in relation to human beings, created in the exact image of their maker, is impious! It is sheer stirpiculture. Don't you realize that the joining together of the human sexes by the mystic rite of marriage is a sacrament which must not be questioned, criticized or looked into? And furthermore, since health statistics show that upwards of eighty per cent. of the male population, especially in large cities, is tainted with some form of vice disease, and that only a part of the residue is physically sound, is it not apparent that if we draw the line on man as closely as on stallions, that marriage fees would diminish almost to the vanishing point? Possibly *that* is the view the anti-Summerites take. Others suggest the dreadful possibility of race extinction.

It is probably better to wallow on as we are doing, in ignorance and apathy, boring a race of congenitally blind, deaf, dumb and decrepit children rather than introduce anything so perfectly shocking to the sensitive notions of a refined community as a medical examination prior to assuming the most sacred and solemn obligations and responsibilities of life—the creation of New Life. The

fact is, if such a law should be passed at the present time, and was enforced, it would simply do away with matrimony, but would be no check whatever on propagation.

In the meantime, we may compensate outraged nature for our wilful degeneracy by devoting such energies as we have left to the regeneration of horses, dogs, cats, poultry, pinks and potatoes. It may be that the human race has reached its zenith and that it is destined to decline and become extinct, and that the horses and dogs that men strive to improve by natural selection, and do improve, will yet take our place and outstrip us.

The Egyptians worshiped a dog-headed god; the three-headed dog Cerberus guarded the gate to hell; the Centaurs were a strong, masterful race of semi-equine men, while Pegasus, the flying man-horse, is a notable symbol of what the stallion law may yet accomplish for the equine race. O Hippocrites!

Health and Morals

BY J. B. FORBIS, JR.



WALKING about a city, one sees the signs "Measles," "Scarlet Fever," etc. The Board of Health requires these to be displayed. Some School Boards require the children to be examined by competent physi-

cians, to ascertain the exact physical condition of the pupils. It is a wise precaution. In some countries the inmates of the "red-light districts" are compelled to undergo regular examinations by physicians. During epidemics of contagious diseases, for instance, when small-pox or cholera is raging, the patients are segregated. There are infectious, diseased persons that should also be segregated. Parents are first concerned about the health of their children, and society's first consideration should be the health of the men, women and children who compose it. The infant is born; the very first thought is to keep it healthy. The greatest mortality among children is before the fifth year. During that period the inculcation of morals is a secondary matter; health is the prime factor. A healthy child can be taught correct habits, and habits are the basis of morals.

No one has ever shown the power and force of habits as clearly as Montaigne, the French philosopher. To rear good, strong, healthy children, who will mature into healthy men and women, there must be proper sanitary environment. They must have the right kind of food and clothing. Every facility for keeping them clean should be furnished. Eugenics may undertake to promote the proper mating of young men and women, but it is futile unless the children have been properly and healthfully reared. Young people naturally mate. There

is a great deal of foolish theorizing about the matter. Human beings are like the birds and animals: the sexes naturally seek each other at the mating period of life. No church or law can prevent the great, universal instinct from acting. The church may call the mating a sacrament, and society may look upon it as a civil contract, but mate they will, whether lawfully or unlawfully, whether approved by the church or not. The general concern should be that the young should grow up healthy, with proper habits of mind and body.

In the home, in the city at large, in the state and in the nation the health of all should be the chief concern. The dwellings, the stores, the offices, the factories, the mines, the sewerage, the streets, the lakes, the rivers—in fact everything that concerns the health of the nation—should be properly looked after. Much of this work is the individual affair of the parents, or of the proprietors of industrial establishments, but much of it can only be done properly by officials, for society. Our industrial, economic system is responsible for much of the neglect of those employed in the different pursuits, but the responsibility for the health of the employees should concern the employers. Healthy employees can accomplish more than weak or sickly workers, and it would pay big interest on the money invested to promote the health of employees. The quality of the people is of vital im-

portance; for nature supplies the quantity. An impartial onlooker is led to believe that healthy people, sound in mind and body, are moral. Involved in this question is that of the distribution of the products of labor, and just compensation for work performed; but it would be a waste of time to consider these economic questions, if proper attention was not given to the health of the people and the formation of habits which promote the morals of the individuals, who are too often sacrificed on the altars of greed, avarice, ambition and the various forms of selfishness. As a people, we should be more concerned in the quality of the people than in accumulating riches.

A strong, healthy, vigorous race will produce all that it needs. No favors should be shown to any class at the expense of the wellbeing of others. As a boy, I was accustomed to attend the "brakes" with my father, where tobacco was sold. The hogsheads of tobacco were exposed for sale, after the casings were removed. Samples at random were taken from each package and placed on the top of the package. These samples showed the quality of the tobacco in the package, and gauged its value. Society should be so looked after that samples of men, women and children selected at random would show that society was of good quality. After all is said and done, the average citizen is the one to care for, and environment should be made to enable that average citizen to be healthy and moral.

The fundamental teaching of Gautama—and emphasized in the New Testament—"Be clean! Be pure!" cannot be improved upon.

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